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DERRY, N. H., 1909.

"Let us be ourselves." Upon this idea of individuality depends our success in life. It is the man, or woman for that matter, who shows this in a marked degree who is the successful painter, writer, or scholar. Perhaps you remember that address to the entering freshmen of a college, in which the speaker tells them that the B men learn a subject as it is in the book, and return it to the world just as they received it, with nothing added and

often with much left out. The A men, on the other hand, learn the book, then think it over and seek to find something new about the subject. They interest themselves in it, and return it revised and added to from their own observation and thought. We need this individuality in our school work, and from the limited number of A's that the teachers give in our school, it is evident that they take it into consideration.

When individuality is spoken of in the literary world, one man is at once brought to mind. Edgar Allan Poe was born January 19, 1809, and his birthday was recognized by Mr. Bingham reciting the poet's most famous poem, "The Raven." It was rendered in a manner that would have pleased the poet himself; and we hope the interest excited in the most imaginative short story writer of the language will not soon die.

february.

BY LOUIS W. MORSE.

Falling gently come the snowflakes, Every one so soft and white, Bringing Mother Earth rich treasures,— Robes, so feathery and light. Unseen they flutter downward, silent, All night long to earth they fall; Restlessly they dance o'er treetops, Yes, answering to Winter's call.

Abraham Lincoln.

BY RALPH DAVIS.

As the time draws near for the celebration of the one hundredth birthday of Abraham Lincoln, we read many new appreciations of the great man. Many of them are written not from misquoted tradition, but by men who have walked side by side with him in the political walk of his life. It is said by many writers that the greatness of the man, strange as it may seem, will not be fully appreciated until his name and deeds have gone into another hundred years of history, and his two hundredth anniversary is celebrated. Whether this is true or not, his powers and his greatness as a man have become more and more apparent every year since his death.

He is beyond doubt the greatest man upon whom this nation ever conferred the highest political office in its power. He was the greatest ruler a government ever had. His rise from a log cabin to the White House, is a feat unparalleled in the history of this country. Born of poor parents, too poor decently to educate him, (the story of his meagre learning being too well known to repeat) he, early in his teens, began his illustrious life as a woodsman. From this he advanced to a store clerk, and the events of his hard struggle until he became a lawyer are too numerous to relate here.

Where he steps before the public as a man of great ability it is at the time of his debates with Douglass. Never were two men more openly opposed to the views of each other than these who were

candidates for the same Senatorship. In their seven open debates throughout their state, Douglass showed greater ability as an orator on the platform, but Lincoln, by his common every day simplicity, won his way into the hearts of thousands who were staunch Douglass supporters. Lincoln would walk unescorted to the debates, which were held out of doors, always with a cheery smile and a pleasing bow to all whom he met, while Douglass, as we might say, too good for his audience, would ride and be escorted to the platform. It was these debates which paved Lincoln's way to the President's chair, even though he met with a Senatorial defeat.

When Lincoln entered the President's office he faced the greatest problem that ever confronted a civilized nation; that of keeping together two sections which after years of conflict and disagreement must inevitably dissolve the union. Perceiving the graveness of the situation Lincoln said with much sadness in his heart and with much truth: "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Could he have saved the government by his power on the platform he would have done so, but too many others had thus tried for years and had died without seeing their life's work completed.

But war must come and thank God it came as it did—under Lincoln. This man, true to the principles of the Declaration of Independence, in so far as "all men are created free and equal," true to

the cause of independence, true to the uplifting of humanity, guided the nation through four years of the bloodiest war of modern times. True to his vow of youth, "If ever I strike slavery, I'll hit it hard," he lived to see slavery abolished, and on the day when the stars and stripes were restored over Fort Sumter, to fall by the hand of an assassin.

Abraham Lincoln is dead, but the work he has done will never be forgotten; it cannot die. Now that Slavery is no more, North, South, East and West all proclaim that he has not died in vain and that he made it possible: "That this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The Teachers of the Sixties.

BY HENRY A BRADFORD.

The first teacher whom I recall was Mr. Boltwood, whom I remember both as a thorough teacher and as a fine football player. Many an hour have I watched him play with the boys. When his side was winning, the recess was liable to be extended a little beyond the prescribed bounds; when the other side was winning, however, the promptness with which the bell called the players to their tasks was something striking.

In those days Johnnie went to school, —a good boy, but a little roguish. He liked to have a good time, and found it especially hard to keep still during devotions. Sometimes Mr. Boltwood would stop in the midst of his prayer, bring the pointer into play, and then continue the service without further trouble.

One day, Johnnie being more roguish than usual, Mr. Boltwood wrote a note to his father and sent it home in the care of John. On the way home the boy wanted to see what the Professor had written, so he opened the letter. Then, not thinking that it would suit his father, he destroyed it and wrote one that would suit. Imagine the Professor's surprise on receiving the next morning a note thanking him for his good reports of the boy.

The next teacher was Mr. Stanton, who also was a man well fitted for his work. He boarded with Mrs. Hall, in the house where Mr. Bingham now lives, which was also the home of one of the assistant teachers

Mr. Newell then came to the Academy, a tall, stately-looking man, who was a great help in the church and the society as well as in school. If I remember right he was a ball-player, not of football or baseball, but of what was called "Roundball." Among the students were some fine players too, and evenings, weather permitting, a crowd would gather to see the game. In these games of Roundball the young ladies would sometimes play. On study nights the Principal used to visit the stores, hotel, and some of the boarding-houses at half past seven o'clock to see that the students were in their right places.

The next Principal after Mr. Newell was Mr. Hazen, a young man just out of college. He was well prepared to fill his position, and no man could have been more successful than he was during his term of three years. By him was formed a secret society called "Alpha Sigma," to which only male members of the school could belong, and of which the main pur-

pose was speaking, debating, and composition. Once each month the society had refreshments of other than an intellectual nature.

As the Academy Library in those days consisted of only a Bible and a Dictionary, the Alpha Sigma Society gave an entertainment, the proceeds of which went to start the library which has now grown to such a splendid size.

One of the grandest occasions in which this society figured was the great speech on the Siege of Nancy during the War between France and Prussia that was delivered by Frank P. McGregor. This will always be remembered by those who were present.

In time the Alpha Sigma was disbanded, and the money in the treasury was divided among the members, each receiving a dollar and forty cents. This society was a great benefit to the school, and from his own experience in it the writer can urge upon the present students of the Academy the great importance of supporting the Philomathean Society, which is its legitimate successor.

Miss Atkinson taught in the East room, a good teacher, stern and unrelenting to the boy or girl with unprepared lesson, but a good friend to all who were willing to work. A failure in those days meant a visit to the Principal up stairs, and it was no joke either to walk into that big upper room that was filled with pupils, and announce in trembling voice to the power on the throne that you had been sent up to be given your medicine for a "Flunk." Such a method put into practice today would probably be the cause of rapid improvement in the standing of

not a few who ought to be doing better work.

Miss Chase, the assistant teacher, in the West room at this time, and a graduate of the Adams Female Academy of East Derry, was young and pretty, with a smile for every one. She won the hearts of all her pupils, and if ever a teacher was loved and respected, it was she. At noon and recess her room was always a gathering place of the students.

Miss Hills of Hollis was another teacher of those days, tall, stately, and one of the best. She was always devoted to her work, and ever ready to help a pupil in need of assistance.

With Heneas.

CARL C. FORSAITH

I have wandered with Aeneas
O'er the storm-lashed surging deep,
When the placid face of Neptune
Lulled the angry waves in sleep,

And within the courts of Dido, In her star-decked royal hall, When that pious leader told us Of his city and its fall.

I have seen that horse of oak-wood, Filled with arms and clanging shields Seen him with his gods and father Leave fair Ilium's smoking fields.

Then he sailed o'er seas unbounded,
In his ships of curved plank,
'Till he after years of labor,
Built his town on Tiber's bank.

Yes, I've scanned those noted verses,
Which have flow'd from Virgil's pen
Where he told the tales of cities,
Rolling oceans, and of men.

When Caesar Crossed the Rubicon.

(Revised Version) BY T. A. M.

Caesar was standing with his hands thrust into his overcoat pockets, thoughtfully puffing away at a very black cigar and gazing out upon the tumultuously flowing Rubicon. Should he cross or should he remain where he was?

Reaching into his vest pocket he drew forth his watch, and murmuring, "Ah, I shall be late for supper," set out for his tent, splashing through the mud, and muttering imprecations against the Board of Public Improvements, Pompey, the weather, and the world in general; for Caesar, the great, was out of sorts.

Upon arriving at his tent he changed his coat for his smoking-jacket, took off his rubber boots, put his feet upon the radiator, and ringing for his stenographer, prepared to dictate a few chapters of his Commentaries. Beginning as usual, "This having been done and many towns having been taken by storm, likewise many provisions, prisoners and the like having been captured, Caesar determined to-" At this point Caesar's servant entered with the evening paper, and dismissing his stenographer, he adjusted his spectacles and read the following in large black headlines, "Pompey has brainstorm, declares he will stab Caesar in the toga and imprison him in the Ides of March if he dares set foot in Rome. Will not be interviewed by reporters." Caesar read no further but, threw down the paper and jumped on it with both feet snorting, "Stab me in the toga will he? I'll stab him in the forum. Ab Iove. I'll hit him in the ablative absolute, and

if that doesn't finish him I'il send him a copy of Burke's Conciliation."

And to add to his troubles, Trebonius entered at this juncture, brought his musket to present arms, saluted and said, "Sir, I have to report that Vercingetorix has escaped. He applied the sulphur test for English walnuts to his prison bars and, filed his way to liberty with the blowpipe." "Ab Hercule," wailed Caesar, mopping his brow with his shirt sleeve, "that fellow is more trouble than the 17th chapter of the 4th book of my Commentaries. Why he's got more courage than W. J. Bryan. Between him and Pompey, I'll be gray in a week. Telegraph to the police of all the surrounding towns, also to the Pinkerton detective bureau for a few dozen detectives. Of course they won't catch him, but we can't afford to hurt their feelings."

When Trebonius had retired, Caesar ordered his sign, "This is my busy day," to be hung out on the door knob, and stretched himself out to take a nap, after requesting the office boy to shoot all callers who looked as if they might be book. agents or were selling patent medicines or tooth powder. He was dozing away into a sound sleep, dreaming that he was holding Pompey by the coat collar with one hand, while he belabored him over the head with a baseball bat with the other; when the telephone bell jangled and he awoke to find the office boy bombarding the office cat with a squirt gun, using ink for ammunition. Gently reproving him with soft words of admonition and his slipper, Caesar threatened to report him to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals then took down the receiver, and said, "Hello."

In a moment came an answer, "Hello, is that you Julius?" "Yes." "Well this is Calpurnia. I want you to come home immediately if not sooner. I've got so much to tell you. Mrs. Marcellus' baby has got the chicken pox and Cicero has broken his nose. He caught his toe on the Manillian law and fell down three flights of stairs and O, Julius, Mrs. Pompey has just been here and I think she's just mean. She had on a new directoire dress of green crepe de chine cut on the bias with blue chrysanthemums and red cauliflowers on a pink background, and fourteen gores in back and two in front, and O! O! Julius it was just spiffy. And the horrid thing said she was going to organize a Society of Nieces of the Sullan Revolution and I can't join because my ancestors were on the other side. O, Julius dear, you must come home because I've got to have a new hat and a Teddy Bear like Mrs. Pompey's and I want you to help me pick them out and pay for them, and the cook left this morning because I wouldn't let her use your safety razor to open a can of sardines with, when I wanted to sharpen a pencil with it."

Of course after this appeal to his gallantry Caesar couldn't refuse his wife, and so, taking a coin with his head on one side and Crassus' bald pate on the other, from his pocket, he sacrificed 137 white oxen to Rosetta the goddess of Chance, deftly snapped it into the air saying, "Heads I go, tails I remain." The coin struck the floor and rolled under the table, to which hiding place Caesar pur-

sued it, barking his shins on the table leg.

Finally emerging he arose triumphantly, called in the reporters and said, "The dice are cast," and ordering his chauffeur to bring around his new 114 candle power touring car he set out for Rome stopping only long enough to order the calendar changed so that he would arrive in Rome in time for breakfast, and so that his name would be tacked to it, and to pose for a moving picture of himself to be used as an example of greatness achieved by eating the new breakfast food Sampsonalis.

Crossing the Pacific.

BY TUNG KWEI KING.

Nearly everybody who goes to school knows where the largest ocean lies. The geography tells us that it lies between Asia and North and South America. So it is. But the geography can never tell us the exact details that we want to know, nor can any book really describe the things in a way which will exactly suit us.

The time has passed for slow traveling. Our forefathers used to sail on the Pacific for months and months before they could reach one shore from another on this immense body of water; but now this wonderful puzzle has been well-solved.

If a young person only knows what it means to cross the Pacific, the very word itself tells us the mystery; it is something that you and I cannot afford to miss. Some years ago I myself had a desire to cross this water, and now I am glad to say that I have crossed it once easily in the year 1907.

I started from home in September with-

out any companions or acquaintances. As I did not have very much knowledge of this wide world, I found many to scare me before I left my home and only a few who soothed me. I did not pay any attention to their advice at all. My chief idea was to cross the ocean and go to Boston. Finally I came without the slightest trouble at all. The people on board the steamer were very sociable, and many of them sympathized with me when I told them how I was going abroad alone to secure a western education.

Well! It is very hard for the Orientals to land in any of the seaports of the United States. A person must have a passport, and this must be signed both by a high Chinese official and by the American consul, otherwise the traveler will be sent right home. I don't know why; the Americans let all sorts of people in from Europe; they let even the worst kind cf Europeans in without any trouble; but they have a special eye on the Orientals. Yet it is said that America and China are allies to each other. If they do not let their allied friends in, whom will they let in? Several years ago there was a great deal of trouble; the immigration officers would put their allied friends in jail and do all sorts of things to them. But I am very thankful that I did not meet such trouble. The immigration officer whom I met was a very kind man; he had been in China for quite a number of years himself, so he could speak very good southern Chinese. He welcomed me heartily, and told me that he knew my guardian in Cambridge, Mass.

Before I came to the end of my voyage there is much to be said. My journey started from the city of Shanghai, which

is one of the largest Chinese seaports. gave me much sadness to leave my young widowed mother; she went home with great sorrow after accompanying me to the steamer. From Shanghai to Japan I did not have the chance to travel on the large vessel of twenty-seven thousand tons which is usually upon this route, for in the city of Shanghai at that time were many contagious diseases. The first harbor that we stopped at was Nagasaki, a city built on one side of a hill. There we were all quarantined, and we all had a horrible time to get on shore. Some of the passengers were left on board, for the doctor claimed they had some sickness.

After I landed there, I waited for the big vessel to convey me to the New World of which I had heardmuch, and many of whose people I had seen at home, but regarding which I really had not the slightest idea. Soon I got on that immense floating palace, which is bigger than any building in the whole United States, equipped with all up-to-date conveniences which are necessary to our daily life. A person on this palace will find himself just as comfortable as though he were at home; there is everything there that you can think of.

From Japan to the Hawaiian Islands is ten days straight sailing. There one can enjoy nature, the heavens above and the water beneath. On the way thither we had to set our watches every morning about half an hour ahead, and then when we crossed the International date line, we had two days with the same date, which was really a new thing to me. From the Hawaiian Islands to San Francisco took six days. On my journey, I saw everybody traveling with somebody, but I

traveled alone. When I saw that, it made me more homesick than ever; still I had to get on the best I knew how. Finally I landed in America, and five more days were added to my journey to my destination in New England.

From my point of view, there is nothing better for my school mates than to travel around the world. Of course it costs something considerable, yet it is worth that too. No man is an expert, except the one who sees things with his own eyes, and works on them with his own hands. So you want to see my dear old glorious country? If you want to see it, start some time and go over there. If you cannot find any place to lodge, I will take every one of you in free. I will be true to my schoolmates from Pinkerton wherever I go.

A kitchen Catastrophe.

BY DONALD LEARNARD.

Ted and Bill were twins, growing from puphood together, sharing each other's food (though not always voluntarily);and in fact almost every sport, trouble and trial were borne between them.

Mr. Jones, their owner, was a kind-hearted farmer, who had bought them a year before from his next-door neighbor for a dollar apiece. When Mr. Jones went out for a drive, the two always went with him, Ted sitting on the right hand side of the seat and Bill on the left. And on all other occasions as well, Farmer Jones was accompanied by the "cherubs," as they were sometimes called.

One day however, Farmer Jones was called away to a town some miles distant, and was obliged to leave the dogs at

home. Putting on his coat and hat, he started to go out to the wagon. As he opened the door cautiously and started to back through, he turned to the dogs who were trying to go out:

"No, boys I can't take you today, but I shall be back tonight and will bring you something."

Just before closing the door, a new thought suddenly entered his mind.

"By the way Maria," he said, "is there anything you want me to get down town?"

"Yes," she replied, "get a couple of those new souvenir post cards of the Roseville Bridge, will you? I wish to send them to Cousin Sue, out in Colorado."

"All right, let me write that down," he said, taking from his pocket a large-sized memorandum, at the same time unconsciously removing his foot from the door. Like a flash Ted darted between his legs and out into the yard.

"There! there goes that vermin," cried, he. "Don't let the other one get out."

Mrs. Jones caught Bill by the nape of the neck. and held him despite his struggles, until Mr. Jones closed the door with a slam; then going out into the yard, he finally cornered Ted and brought him struggling back into the house.

"There!" he cried, depositing his burden on the floor, "Now don't let him get out again." And slamming the door for a second time he went out into the yard, got into the sleigh, and rode away.

Meanwhile Ted and Bill each got up in a chair near the window and looked out. Far down the road they saw the retreating sleigh and Farmer Jones, almost out of sight, and began to cry.

"There stop your noise," warned Mrs.

Jones, "or I'll whale the both of yer."

After awhile Mrs. Jones finished her work, and, taking up the "Old Farmer's Almanac", began to read. Ted, seeing her, hopped up into her lap, and after a minute or two he began to cough.

"What's the matter, Ted?" she asked. Ted's only answer was another cough.

Much alarmed she put Ted carefully down on the couch and went to look for "Dr. Kenner's book on dogs." Finding it on the shelf she opened it, and her first glance rested on one of the headlines. "CROUP!" This was the word that met her gaze. She read on: "This is a disease which sometimes attacks small dogs such as fox terriers, cocker spaniels, and skye terriers. It is an inflammatory disease of the throat in which the formation of a false membrane obstructs respiration—"

"Well now I wonder what that means," she thought, "Well any way I guess that's what Ted has; now to see what will cure it."

"Sulphur, and goose oil will help it, but "Reliable Cough Cure" put up by Dr. A. J. Kenner is better than either of these. If unable to secure this from your druggist send twenty-five cents (stamps or coin) to Dr. A. J. Kenner, White Bldg., Boston, Mass."

"Well the only one of those things that I have is sulphur, but I'll give him some of that," she exclaimed, as she put Ted in the big rocking-chair and wrapped him carefully up in a blanket.

She went into the pantry and took out a piece of steak, and carefully placing the sulphur inside, held it out for Ted. But Bill, coming along just at this point, snatched the meat and ran under the stove. Ted seeing his tidbit stolen, rushed under the stove after him, and catching him, recovered his meat and came out bearing it in his mouth.

"I'll learn you to take your poor sick brother's medicine," cried Mrs. Jones, seizing Ted and beating him soundly with the broom.

"Come here, Ted, poor little puppy," she said addressing Bill, "your mean brother got a good whalin' for his trouble."

Bill took the advantage offered him, and came slowly out from under the stove. Then he was in his turn wrapped up in the blanket, and given the meat which he devoured eagerly.

Just then Ted from under the stove began to cough again.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, "I swanny, which one is it that's sick?"

She finally caught Ted and said:

"I'll dose the both of them so as to get the right one and I guess they'll get over it by tomorrow. I wish Joshua was here."

Again she rolled up some more sulphur in another piece of meat and gave it to Ted.

Thus both dogs received a dose, but the sick one, (whichever it was) must have recovered, for both were able to partake heartily of the dog meat which Mr. Jones brought them that night.

Edgar Allen Poe.

BY CHARLES ANDERSON.

Poe was born in Boston Jan. 19, 1809. Of his parents little is known except that they died when he was very young. After their death he came under the guardianship of his uncle. He was being educated

in the public schools, when he ran away and enlisted in the army. Then he obtained a commission and entered West Point. But he got into bad company, began drinking, and developed into a card fiend. He soon tired of the discipline, was expelled for neglect of duty, and during the next few years led a reckless life.

He was at this time, however, writing stories, the like of which the world had never seen; stories that originated in the fertile brain of this imaginative genius. As one reads these stories he is absorbed in them. His only thoughts are for the hero and his fate. In Poe's personal life we find that he had great desire for anything out of the ordinary, and this characteristic is plainly to be seen in his writings; and yet, although his stories read like fairy tales, they are perfectly plausible.

He soon began writing poetry, for which he is more famous. What author has written any poem superior to The Raven? It is worth reading for the story it contains, but when one notices how well put and how carefully weighed is every word, one is at once struck with its charm. Beneath the surface there seems to be some hidden force that conveys a strange sensation to the mind. Although there is no question that the "Raven" is Poe's masterpiece, still, "The Bells," is a very famous poem. What a vivid picture comes to the mind! One can almost hear the bells,

"How they clang, and clash, and roar! What a horror they outpour."

Another poem that should not go without mention is "Annabel Lee," Although short, it has a plot and is well worked out.

After Poe's wife died he drifted about the world, occasionally writing a short poem or a sonnet. Finally he ended his checkered career in Baltimore, falling by the hand of an assassin. What would he have written had he lived his allotted time? It is certain that the language would have been greatly enriched. As we think of this great author, we should not think of his personal life, but rather lay stress on all that is noble and beautiful in his works.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC:

In writing this brief article it is not my intention to show that Bates is better than any and all other colleges, but as the first representative from Pinkerton, I wish to take this apportunity which you have so kindly offered, to state a few things as they are down here in Lewiston, and from them you may draw your own conclusions as to the merits and demerits of the institution.

During the past summer I had occasion to talk with an alumnus of Dartmouth on the best college to select to study for teaching as a profession. I remarked that I had practically decided to enter Bates. "What are you going down there for?" was his reply, "Why don't you go to Dartmouth? It's the name you want, not the brains" I tried to convince him that for turning out teachers, Bates has already acquired first rank among Eastern colleges but he only turned me down with a laugh.

To any who may entertain similar impressions respecting Bates, it may be of interest to know that she numbers among her graduates today more successful high school and preparatory school instructors in New England, than any other college in the country; a fact established by actual statistics. There are also more school superintendents in the State of Massachusetts who are graduates of Bates than of any other college in the country.

As soon as I matriculated I found that many of the iron-clad requirements to which I had been subjected at Pinkerton were to stand me in good stead; for instance, attendance at church is required every Sunday of all students, and a report to that effect must be handed in at the college office every Monday.

One of the cardinal aims of the college is the curtailment of every unnecessary expense for the student. Bates is distinctly the poor man's college. He is on exactly the same level socially as the richest man. There are no secret fraternities which are so conducive to cliques and needless expense, but in place of these, three large literary societies have been organized, where literary and musical programs of high order are presented every week, and where men master to perfection the manly art of debating. These societies have been an important factor in winning for Bates her enviable name in intercollegiate debate, she having won all but two of the twenty debates in which she has participated.

The fact that Bates is coeducational, has often subjected her to more or less unfavorable criticism. I hesitated some about coming here for that reason, but I have since changed my views for I believe that the association with young women at Bates has raised the standard of scholarship and of morality, and does not affect

in the least degree, her standing in athletics. She is almost the only New England college that has successfully maintained coeducation. The number of young women who may enter each year is limited to about fifty, so there is never any danger of their predominating in numbers at least, although the rank books may tell a different story as to scholarship.

One event to which every new student looks forward is the Freshman class ride to Auburn and Lake Grove about the last of September. The members of the class board the electrics at the foot of the campus and are off for a day's outing to the surrounding country and boating on Lake Auburn. This annual outing has come about through the generosity of Prof. J. Y. Stanton, once principal of Pinkerton, whose interests and sympathies are always with the Freshmen. He is known as "Johnnie" among the student body.

In athletics Bates is amply able to hold her own against all of her opponents. Two years ago she won the Maine State championship in football. She closed her season this year with an easy victory over Bowdom, her dearest rival, at Brunswick. She is the only Maine college that has acquired the habit of scoring almost annually on Harvard in football.

Now in closing I would say to any perplexed undergraduate at Pinkerton who is undecided as to the college he shall enter, try to select the college of your choice and at the same time consistent with your means. If you decide to come to Bates, I am sure you will be given every possible opportunity to "make good," and that there will be many a glad hand beside my own ready to welcome you. Sincerely yours,

RAY A. CLEMENT. Lewiston, Me , Jan. 4, 1909.

Ellumní Department.

Alumni Motes.

(* Denotes non-graduate, year given being last of attendance.)

John Carroll Chase was a recent guest of the "Holland Society" of New York City. Six hundred participated at this twenty-fourth annual banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria. The national color, orange, was used in the badges, menu, programs and souvenirs. The menu, with the quaint Dutch names was a puzzle to the uninitiated. The souvenirs consisted of a little Dutch maid perched on a Dutch shoe. The Ambassador from the Netherlands was present, and there were representatives from all the leading societies of the country. Pres. Roosevelt was given a toast, and all united in singing the "Star Spangled Banner."

The Critic has received a handsome calendar from Prof. Perley L. Horne of Honolulu, T. H. "The Kamehameha Calendar for 1909. Helpful thoughts for every day. Selected by Perley L. Horne. Printed by the Kamehameha students in the School Printing Shop." This is a welcome addition to our calendars and a pleasant reminder of the donor.

Mrs. E. P. Underhill (Eliza P. Parsons) from the Rogers Hall School, Lowell, Mass., and her daughter, Miss Dorothy, sailed from New York, January 30, for a trip to the West Indies and Venzuela.

Mr. Frank French, an artist, has completed a fine oil painting of Ex-Gov. Chas. M. Floyd. This portrait is designed for

the governor's room at the state house in Concord, N. H., and will finally be placed in the state library. The picture is pronounced by critics to be exceptionally fine.

January 27th, Ex Gov. Floyd lost by fire his \$4,000 automobile.

A delightful "musicale" was recently given by Mr. Charles Bartlett and his sister, Miss Jennie, at their residence at Derry Village, N. H. This was for the benefit of the May Breakfast fund, and was attended by a very appreciative audience.

"The Londonderry Times" published in 1869, refers to "Old Pinkerton" in the following manner: "This school has maintained a high rank for mental discipline and good scholarship from the beginning. It proudly registers among its 5,000 pupils during the period of fifty-four years, a great array of names of excellent men and women, who owe much of their character and usefulness to the beneficent influence exerted upon them here."

'50s. Mrs. W. W. Poor (Clara Brickett) is with her daughters and son in their pleasant winter home at Roxbury, Mass.

'69. Alton, N. H., Jan. 17, George W. Place, husband of Ida F. Sanders '69, lost by fire his new grist and saw mill valued at \$8,000.

*'70. Henry A. Bradford is writing a series of articles for the local paper on the events which transpired at P. A. over forty years ago.

'73. Rev. Joseph Wheelright formerly

of Byfield, Mass., now Tamworth, N. H., has been in town looking for a new home. "Joe," as he was familiarly called, has a young granddaughter. The sister, Sarah V. (Mrs. Jos. Dummer) has an adopted daughter, Gladys, and lives in Byfield. The brother and sister made many friends while here.

- *'73. Mrs. Henry Dowst (Hattie F. Ring) of Manchester, N. H., has a son who has entered the Institute of Technology, Boston.
- '74. Mr. Charles Bartlett has a beautiful new Aeolian Orchestrelle from M. Steinert Sons, Co.
- '76. Dr. Fred Sefton, Auburn, N. Y., has a son who entered St. Paul's school, Concord, N. H., and a daughter to enter Smith College, Northampton, Mass.
- *'82. Frank D. Bell is building a fine new home at Bridgeport, Conn.
- *'83. Fred D. McGregor, Haverhill, Mass., has been elected president of the board of trade.
- *83. Wm. Tyson Pillsbury, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. L. Pillsbury (Fanne A. Tyson) Denver, Col., met with a very serious accident, while on the public thoroughfare of that city.
- '84. Miss Cora B. Goodwin is a school teacher at Everett, Mass.
- *'89. Prof. Walter S. Adams, Astronomer, Mt. Wilson, Cal., has charge of the large telescope there for which a new reflector has been manufactured. This reflector was made in Paris at a cost of \$50,000, a very delicate operation, for it must be absolutely flawless. It has required five years to construct a road up this mountain over which this glass could be transported; when placed in position it was

- found not to be perfect, and the process will have to be gone over with again, making a loss of many thousands of dollars. With this telescope the moon is brought to within 120 miles of the vision. Mr. Adams is a writer of notes on scientific subjects.
- *'91. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Colby (Nellie F. Upton) with their two children are at Southern Pines, N. C., for the remainder of the winter.
- '93. Lieut. A. L. Parsons, U. S. N., of Animas, Col., passed the Christmas vacation in town.
- '95. Mrs. Raffaele Lorini (Louise Chase) has been visiting friends in Derry.
- '95. Mrs. A. Roberts (Eva S. Morse) is living at Atlantic City N. J., where Mr. Roberts is a school teacher.
- *'99. Arthur C. Bingham is taking a course in chemistry at P. A.
- *'01. Miss Grace Warner, a pupil of Mme Hopekirk, recently played at a chamber concert of the Macdowell club, where her interpretation of Chopin received great praise.
- '02. Miss Mabel D. Rogers is teaching a school at Goffstown, N. H.
- '02. Willis Campbell, a graduate of New Hampshire college, is at Harvard this year taking a special course in advanced mathematics.
- *'03. Alfred A. A. Malcolm was one of the ushers at a swell society wedding, Wright—Dudley, in Haverhill, Mass., in January 1909.
- '05. Miss Bessie Bartlett of Raymond, N. H., is assistant teacher in Derry, N. H.
- *'05. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunkins (Blanche Prescott) have recently moved from Nashua to Auburn, N. H.

'06. Miss Nellie W. Bampton is in California.

'07. Geo. C. Kaulbach has left college and is interested in a new musical instrument "Choralecello," an electrical device, a combination of piano and organ.

'07. Miss Helen L. Melvin is organist at the Central Church, Derry Village.

Tung Kwei King, Chinese student, from Shanghai, recently gave an address in Candia, N. H. Subject: "China."

Marriages.

Salem, N. H., Dec. 17, 1908, E. Walter Hall and Miss Inez Rebecca Gale. *'01.

Derry, N. H., Jan. 23, 1909, Perley E. Lemoss and Myrtle E. Bruce ''04.

Births.

Derry, N. H., Nov. 7, 1908. To Mr.

and Mrs. George Pierce (Mabel McKay) a daughter, Lavina.

South Hadley, Mass., Dec. 16, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Horace T. Brockway, (Lily G. Melvin *'95) a daughter, Kathleen Melvin.

East Derry, N. H., Nov. 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Reynolds, a daughter.

Manchester, N. H., Dec. 12, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Crowell, *'98, a a son, Frank Payson Crowell.

Morning.

JESSIE LANE SEAVEY '05.

Far away o'er eastern hill The first red gleam is seen; Then mountain, hilltop, crest, and peak Are bathed in golden sheen.

The glorious sun is mounting high, Each floweret greets the dawn, And shakes the dew from out its cup; 'Tis life, 'tis hope, 'tis morn.

The Elcademy Crow.



Caw, Caw, Caw! Yes I am left almost alone, because most of my companions are now in the sunny South, where the grass is still green, and there are no leafless branches to groan in the cold winter winds; but where the orange blossoms perfume the air, and

h e soft breezes ruffle the glossy surface to the tropical lakes. Why didn't I go with them to the land of ever-blooming flowers? Because I wanted to see what was going on at the school on the hill, and be with the boys and girls of the Academy, also, to add my little contribution to the CRITIC. You see I have to be especially watchful now, for the Owl has commenced to hand his writings to the editors. I will admit that he is a nice bird, but when he gets ahead of me he will have to work days as well as nights.

One night last December I saw some of the fellows start right after supper in different directions, and alone. Oh, no, I won't tell who they were, or where they went. Finally, however, I saw them slowly wending their way toward the

Academy, which was all lighted up, but they were not alone now. At this point it came to me that Miss McQuesten was going to hold her usual musical. I flew up to the window where I could see and hear all. The selections were well rendered, and there was some outside talent which was excellent. After the program was over, I went directly to my home in the belfry, where I am staying as usual this winter, for there was going to be roll-call next morning and I did not want to see who got in at ten. So, as I did not see anyone out after the hour, I know they were all in (?).

The next afternoon I saw the usual preparations for the Annual Athletic Fair which I mentioned in the last issue. My how it snowed that night, and how the wind blew. I wished then that I had gone South; but I did not wish this long, however, for I got into a sheltered place, where I could see into the chapel. The plays were well presented. Everyone enjoyed "Looking for Trouble." I forgot all about the cold and snow while I was watching that. After this came "A Pan of Fudge," which was well rendered, as was also "The Obstinate Family." Then everyone plowed through the gathering drifts homeward, feeling well paid for venturing out on such a night.

It was rather dull here during vacation, but you see I had to stay and keep "Davie" company, and also to fly around and see what the different students were doing during the Christmas recess. At last the fourth of January came, and the students came back with it; in a day the work had fallen into the old routine and was going on as ever. I saw no change except a few new students whom I dis-

covered by the "I don't know where I am way" in which they went from room to room. I expect any day to see them become members of the "Rainy Day Club." There does not seem to be as much interest in that society as heretofore; I understand that there are a number of the Juniors who have not yet had an opportunity to join. President Seavey had better see if he can't arouse a little more interest in the old members to induce the new students to become members of that time-honored society.

The other day I heard the President of the Senior class say that he had learned that shoes were going up, and as he was in need of a new pair, I saw him one stormy night start for the "Depot." He looked into every shoe store window he came to until a choice was made. He bought a new pair of tan shoes, and, after admiring their beauty for a while proudly stalked from the store, thinking he had purchased them before they went up. It is true he had, but, sad to say, when he struck the icy steps, the shoes went up, and "Freddie" went down. I was clear up in the top of one of the nearby trees; but I heard the fall, and I flapped my wings and cawed to see him pick himself up and slowly pick his way back to the Village so as not to find the slipperv places.

But he was not the only one to glory in a new pair of shoes, for the next day I saw the assistant Editor with a new pair on; in fact they were so large I could not help seeing them. They came in contact with a piece of ice and immediately shot toward the stars, taking the astonished editor with them, but in due time they came back to earth and now add to his

already great understanding.

The other day I saw the football men standing outside Mr. Reynolds' door, and then I knew they were going to elect the eaptain and manager for next year's team. I flew up to my usual perch in the elm where I could see and listen. They elected Howard Corson captain. came the voting for manager; Bartlett and Whitney were nominated, there were ten to vote and ten votes cast, all for Bartlett. I did not believe "Bart" would vote for himself; but he either wanted the office or made a mistake. I guess it must have been the latter; let us think so any way. I asked the Owl what he thought about it, and with a wise cant of his head he replied: "I have always known John, Mr. Crow, so I think you are right; he made a mistake."

The next afternoon they elected "Dave" Griffiths captain of the track team and "Freddie" Page manager. I shall watch the team next spring and want to see some good work, as I know I shall. The boys never went back on me, and I never shall on them, but shall cheer for P. A. as long as there is a feather in my wings to flap for Pinkerton.

Well I guess I have told you about all that's happened this term, except a few things some of my friends asked me not to mention, so for their sake I will not tell all that's happened, but will fly away and get some news for the next issue of the Critic before the Owl gets ahead of me. Caw, Caw, Caw.





Exchanges.

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Our Exchange list is growing, but not as fast as we think it should grow. About seventy-five of the December Critics were sent as Exchanges to school papers, yet we have not received half that number in return up to the time of writing. If a paper to whom a Critic is sent does not wish to exchange, courtesy should compel it to make that fact known to us.

We think that the Alumni columns of a

very great number of our sister papers would be improved if their Editors were chosen from the graduates of the schools and not from the student bodies. The graduate has manifest advantages over the student in securing notes. He is older and his knowledge of school affairs covers a greater number of years; he has a large number of acquaintances among the alumni, whereas the student at the most can

know of but three graduating classes; finally, he is one of the alumni. As such, he has a natural desire and eagerness that one department shall be the best in the paper. To him, it is the department of all in interest, and the same is true of all the other graduates. The alumni columns of almost all our Exchanges are weak; likewise in almost all, they are handled by present members of the schools. While it would be an error in reasoning to state that the first is invariably a result of the second, we, personally, are convinced that in a majority of instances such is the case.

Why not take this to heart, Exchanges? One gets tired of continually finding the poor Alumni column and commenting upon it. The alumni of almost every school form a large per cent of the subscribers to the school paper. As we think 'tis only fair that some return for this support should be made, and we know of no better way than the giving to them of a good, strong, alumni department.

The Alpha, New Bedford, Mass., is a little improvement over its predecessors which we have examined, but it still contains a number of glaring faults. A reading of the editorials would give one the impression that the Editor was anxious to improve the paper. Ours is the opinion that one of the greatest steps the Alpha could take in this direction would be the *acquisition of a cover. In the babyhood of a paper, such athing may be overlooked -perfection or anything similar to it cannot be attained at a bound,—but a monthly paper in its third year certainly ought not to lack one of the first requisites. The Alpha's finances, true, may not warrant a cover, but we are inclined to think, from the amount of advertising and the support given in a literary way by the students, that such is not the case. We are puzzled to know wherein "School Notes" and "School News" so differ from each other that they require separate headings, nor can we find a reason for the division into parts removed from each other of "Athletics." There is no Exchange column. In justice, however, to the Alpha, we must say that the quality of its stories is good.

We find a decided improvement in *The Scroll*, Charleston, Me. Typographically, 'tis one of the best papers we receive. A number of cuts, of the school, its teachers, and the like, are introduced, and appropriate headings have been secured for the various departments. The size of the cover is much better than that formerly used. *The Scroll* is published but thrice a year, and keeping this in mind, we expect the two remaining issues will be even better than the fall number just received.

Three little Exchanges that came for the first time this month, are The Lilliputian, The Kimball Union, and The Arms Student. All represented small schools, comparatively speaking, and the material to be secured from them is not so large as it would be were there more students. Nevertheless, attractive papers have been produced. We don't like the practice of The Lilliputian and The Kimball Union of having but one column to a page, and there seems to be a tendency on the part of the Exchange Editors of both to slight their work, - the first named contains nothing about exchanges whatever, and the second only three or four one-line comments. The Alumni notes of The Arms Student would, we think, be more interesting to the graduates as a whole, if they applied to more than the last four graduating classes.

We are not acquainted with the policies of The Crimson Tatler, West Newton, Mass., and so do not know under what circumstances the story in their last number, "A Freak of Chance," was published. Whether 'twas handed to the Editor as a condensation of one of Robert W. Chambers short stories (which it was), or as the original work of the writer, we have no means of telling. In either event Allen school may be criticised. If the Editor knew it to be a condensation, his sense of fairness should have caused him to make mention of the original writer; if he did not, criticism falls upon the member of the school guilty of plagiarism.

Stories of school life written by Prep. school students as a rule do not find favor with us. There is almost always a certain sameness about them which makes them the very reverse of interesting. Once in a while, however, there is an exception to The Radiator, Somerville, this rule. Mass., for December, has among its contents a number of good stories, and, strangely enough, four of these are strictly school stories,—"Holworth's Vote," "The Winning Gift," "The Partner," and "Will's Christmas Eve." A story of school that is written properly is as interesting to the average student as any other sort of story,--more so, perhaps, for the fact that the theme is of the life he himself is a part of secures his interest at the very start. 'Tis up to the school-boy author to sustain this natural interest, and Somerville High students, in the work which its Radiator publishes, have succeeded admirably in this regard.

If one extreme in the school story world

was reached by *The Radiator*, the opposite was as surely attained by *The Crimson and White*, Gloucester, Mass. This last paper numbers among its contents a story about one Hopedale Military Academy, "Tim's Temptation." The plot is old, oh so old; 'tis not handled competently,—you read it with the same feeling that you listen to the small boy reciting his first "piece." Altogether, it is about as poor a specimen of High School Literature as we have found for a long time.

Res Academicae, Hillman Academy, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., differs radically from our other exchanges in that it is a weekly publication. It is more a journal of events than a magazine; school literature finds little space in it.

We like *The Red and Black*, Wendell Phillip's High, Chicago, Ill. Its staff is a good one, or the inference we draw from the general appearance of the paper is wrong. It has a catchy heading for "School Notes." How do you find means of sustenance, *Red and Black?* We see no advertisements in the number we received.

If there were one or two cuts for the departments of *The Messenger*, Westbrook Seminary, Portland, Me., or larger type was used for the headings, it would be made much more readable. As it is the crowded appearance of the interior has a dampening affect upon the reader's enjoyment of the unquestionably good material it contains.

Taking into consideration the fact that it is only the second number that has been published, the December issue of *Now and Then*, St. Paul's Academy, St. Paul, Minn., is very good. Faults there are of course in it, but we see none that won't in the natural order of events be eliminated.

Exchanges received are: Alpha, (New Bedford, Mass.), Arms Student, (Shelbourne Falls, Mass.), Brown Alumni Monthly, (Providence, R. I.), Bugle, (Bakersfield, Vt.), Crimson Tatler, (West Newton, Mass.), Crimson and White, (Gloucester, Mass.), H. C. I. Scroll, (Charleston, Me.), High School Breccia. (Portland, Me.), High School Review, (2) (Hamilton, Ohio), Kimball Union, (Meriden, N. H.), Latin School Register, (Boston, Mass.), Lilliputian, (Canton, N. Y.), Lookout, (Derby, Conn.), Megaphone, (Franklin, Mass.), Messenger, (Portland,

Me.), Minute Man, (2) (Concord, Mass.), Mirror, (2) (Waltham, Mass.), Now and Then, (St. Paul, Minn.), Oracle, (Bangor, Me.), Owl, (Wellsville, N. Y.), Radiator, (Somerville, Mass.), Record, (2) (Barre, Vt.), Red and Black, (Claremont, N. H.), Red and Black, (Chicago, Ill.), Res Academicae, (3) (Wilkes-Barre, Penn.), Reveille, (2) (Northfield, Vt.), Student, (Swanton, Vt.), Tatler, (Nashua, N. H.), Volunteer (Concord, N. H.), Vox Studentis (Union City, Tenn.), Echo, (Kingston, N. H.,) Bates Student, (Lewiston, Me.), Clarion, (Marlborough, Mass.), Gazette, (Lynn, Mass.).

The Owl.

READ THE WORDS OF HE WHO KNOWS.

It happened again. What did? Why, the Editor needed one more page of material at the eleventh hour. I am the only personage awake at that time, he asked me: I face the task of writing a whole page.

We have always had here in Pinkerton a lack of poets. You who have read the Critic doubtless have observed that fact. Of course, we have had Carl and Louis, but hitherto they have always held undisputed supremacy in their special field. But now let them look to their laurels! A dark horse has appeared. There has been in private circulation during the last week or two a certain piece of poetry entitled, "The Quarrel." Space will not permit its publication in this issue; whether the same will be true of later numbers of the CRITIC I know not. I most certainly hope not, however, for its quality certainly merits its being placed in some permanent form. It purports to be,--but never mind, per-

haps you may read it next month. None of the scholars seem to know who wrote As for me, however,—well, I suspected a certain 1912 man. Ever since I first formed his acquaintance, I have associated him with poetry. Of a tall, slender build, with long, curly locks, with pale blue eyes that softly gaze upon you, everything about him stamps him as one of the few favored with a poet's mind. I sought him out, accused him of being a bard, and though at first he feebly protested his innocence, beneath my stern gaze his protestations became weaker and weaker, and finally he made a general confession. I do not wish to dictate to you in any way, but I can't but say that common logic would fasten upon Whitney as the guilty

I hope the Employment Departments of Barnum and Bailey, Buffalo Bill, Ringling Bros., or any other "Greatest Show on Earth," won't hear of the feats of daring and skill of a certain Senior boy. If they should, I'm afraid we would lose him, for they offer large salaries to such as he. He can reach the top of the tent a la Monkey faster than anyone I know, and getting to the ground,—I have actually seen him reach it in one tenth second,—flat!

Have you tried to solve the Chinese Puzzle? Though I have tried every means in keeping with my dignity, yet I am as far as ever from determining exactly the two combinations with which King, "Doe," and the two Juniors divide.

When you who are studying mathematics reach Variation, I wish you would figure out just how many changes there are in a class pin's residence during a school year. In the rush, as each class selected and received its pins, I have seen the same changing. This year, however, I anticipated would be an exception to the general rule, for 1910 has always been such a reliable class. But I have about

concluded that class pins are imbued with wander-lust,—1910's pins have fared no better than their predecessors.

I'm so glad that the Juniors have secured a new basketball. I've been in constant fear since they lost the old one that they would wear out the radiators entirely before they found a new toy.

Those old Englishmen had a disagreeable way of getting rid of a king they could not like, didn't they? They "decomposed" him! Anyway, that is what Anderson told the English History class one day. And did you know that life in a monastery is medicine for a ripe old age? Ned says there were monks who lived from the beginning of Christianity to to the fifteenth century.

Do you suppose the person who told the P. A. student to look out for number one was thinking of the numerals that have been placed upon the rooms of the Academy?



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